# THE COMPANION,

## *AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.*

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1804. N°. 7.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TO WN

*Is there, in human form, that bears a heart...*
*A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth.....*
* * * * * * *
*Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!*
*Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?.....*

BURNS.

THE following relation which has been sent to me by an intimate friend, whether real or fictitious, is yet so interesting in its nature, so serious in its consequences, and of such importance to society; that I willingly give it a preference above all other matter for this day's paper.

Much has been said of seduction, many affecting verses, and many a pathetic tale, has wrung the heart with pity for the victim, and excited indignation against the perpetrator of so cruel and infamous a crime: yet wherever luxury and dissipation prevail, religious obligations and moral principles become relaxed, temptations are held out, and instances continue to occur. It is therefore the duty of the moralist constantly to hold such pernicious vices up to view, and paint them with such colours as shall most truly exhibit their real deformity; that levity may be corrected, innocence put upon its guard, and the abandoned libertine be assured that however he may succeed for a time in stifling the voice of conscience, he cannot go where he will not meet the execrations of his fellow creatures, be shunned as the plague, and dreaded as the blast of pestilence.

*Philadelphia, Dec.* 1804.

*Dear Easy,*

I had no sooner read the first number of your Companion than I thought of composing an essay, which I flattered myself might claim a place in your paper; but feeling diffident of my talent for writing, I sent to our friend SCRUPLE, to beg his advice.—We were scarcely seated before I entered into an explanation of my plan. Upon asking his opinion, he gave it with his usual candour, advising me not *to be in a hurry*, for that to his knowledge, you had abundant materials on hand for several papers to come.—Though the advice was such as might have been expected from one of his frankness, yet my mortification so entirely overcame my politeness, that instead of making a civil return for his sincerity, I sunk into a state of sullen and profound silence. It was however soon interrupted by a familiar rap at my door;—glad of an opportunity which would relieve me from my embarrassment, I instantly rose, and to my astonishment beheld FRANKLY, who had just arrived from Baltimore.—So unexpected a visit was equally agreeable to SCRUPLE and myself.—We began in the same breath by asking a thousand opposite questions, which FRANKLY telling us he would reply to, the moment we would make our enquiries singly, we agreed that he should first draw his chair to the fire, and answer us in our turn.....You may suppose this suspense threw me back into my former confusion, and that SCRUPLE was foremost with his interrogatories...He was beginning, when I saw FRANKLY pass his hand over his eye to hide the tear which glistened in it..forgetting my own uneasiness,..Good heaven! cried I, does FRANKLY weep?.."Yes!" he exclaimed, "and "yet I was in hopes you would not have been a witness "of my tears. Oh! Seduction..damned seduction!".. To SCRUPLE, this exclamation amounted to conviction, and he had just time to say.."Ah! friend, I always "feared that thy gallantry"—but here a stern and impressive look that marked the innocence of FRANKLY, checked the harsh severity of his friend, whose dejection strongly pleaded the repentance of his suspicion.

When FRANKLY had recovered from the first flow of feeling, for which neither honour nor courage ever seeks an apology, he gave us the following relation.....

"This letter," said he, dropping it on the table, "is "a record of the darkest villainy.....EMILIA BENTLY,

" whose beauty was heightened by every accomplishment " of mind and person, has fallen a victim to the artifices " of the man she adored:..her affection for STANLEY, " which admitted no bound to her confidence in his hon- " our, has been abused, and her fame is sacrificed for " ever—scorning for his wife the object of his seduction, " he is bringing EMILIA to this city, to be confined in " the cells of a mad-house!.....If I have wept, it was " because I knew her brother—he was my bosom friend— " but oh! he is gone! and STANLEY lives!"

At this moment an uproar in the street drew our attention from FRANKLY, who springing to the window, exclaimed..Righteous heaven! the villain falls! STANLEY dies!..Hurrying down stairs and mixing with the crowd, we saw the frantic EMILIA forced to the gloomy mansion of melancholy and despair...We were informed she had eluded the vigilance of her keeper, and arming herself with a knife, plunged it into the breast of her betrayer at the instant we saw him fall...Anxious for the fate of the unhappy EMILIA, we determined to follow her to her sad retreat, and, if possible, to excite in her behalf the commiseration of the deluded mob, who unacquainted with the deplorable state of her mind, concluded she was more infamous than the man she had stabbed.

FRANKLY's sensibility had now gained such an ascendancy, that we resolved to leave him, and proceed immediately to the dreary asylum destined for EMILIA.—When arrived, I approached her bed of straw to solicit the keeper's tenderness towards this child of sorrow.—I perceived that her eyes which had first borne all the phrenzied agony of confirmed delirium, began to assume the glassy langour of death.—Unable to bear this scene of misery, I withdrew, desiring one of the attendants to inform me in an hour of her situation;—he came to me in the hall a few minutes before the appointed time, and told me that EMILIA had expired!! Once more I returned to the gloomy cell, but as I approached, the awful silence that slept within it, convinced me that her spirit was at peace! I retired with a sigh, and met FRANKLY in my room, who accounted for EMILIA's death, by assuring me it was hastened by poison, which the expiring STANLEY confessed he had administered to avoid the expence of maintaining her in her late abode.

Shocked by this additional and horrid act of brutal atrocity, we silently indulged the gloom of our indignation, which was only interrupted by sighs for the unfortunate EMILIA!

The evening now drawing to a close, and conversation being suspended by a painful review of the events which occupied our minds, SCRUPLE and FRANKLY left me to ruminate on the weakness and wickedness of our nature.—In the midst of my contemplation, I was called off by the tender pressure of my infant's cheek as she leaned over me from the arms of her nurse, who waited behind my chair to receive the signal for carrying the lovely innocent to bed.—Turning to my child, and clasping her in my arms with a pious but an anxious heart, I implored for her the kind and tender care of protecting Providence! —The cherub smile that played upon her countenance as she left me seemed to promise that my prayer was heard, and that she should live to reward the blessing and affection of her Father.—

Looking around, and perceiving that I was now secure from further interruption, I began seriously to reflect upon the causes of seduction, and the fatal consequences that attend it. The passions of the human breast, which nature intended for its happiness, if properly modified and controuled by reason; are frequently exposed to the influence of vicious example, which often misleads the mind, and contaminates the heart. When the restraints of education yield to the imperious call of action on the wide theatre of the world, the energies of man assume an independent right over the exercise of his future habits and pursuits. Fascinated by the display of luxury and the glowing descriptions of intrigue, it too frequently happens that his first study is to affect an air of fashion, and become an accomplished rake. It is in the higher circles of life that we are therefore to trace the fashionable excesses of gallantry, and hold the libertine up to scorn. He is known generally by his irregular and dissolute conduct, notwithstanding the plausible affectation of sentiment which sometimes serves to hide the grossness of his desires, and the treachery of his views. Though callous, selfish, and designing, he appears tender, liberal, and artless. When by masked and deliberate approaches he has led the unsuspicious heart to receive his addresses, he uses every stratagem for the ruin of his victim. In the tender moments of interview, when even refinement may yield to the confidential but innocent endearments of affection, he disarms the heart by the feigned ardour of his passion, and destroying the last trembling balance between repulsion and assent, drives virtue for ever from her throne.

It is not easy to conceive that ladies who have been taught from the earliest period of their lives to view modesty as the brightest gem of female character, should ever consent to sacrifice the most attractive quality they possess. It is by their natural timidity, and bashful apprehension of yielding to illicit pleasures, that man is

charmed, and his whole soul is made to feel the engaging power of delicacy and love. When these sentiments are overruled by the impetuosity of sensual appetite, the heart grows corrupt, while the loss of honour completes the agonies of conscience, by leaving it a prey to shame and remorse.

There can be no palliation offered for seduction. It not only attatches disgrace to the parties themselves, but frequently involves the most near and amiable relatives in unextinguishable grief and despair.——

I have here disclosed to you my reflections on a vice which ought ever to be viewed with horror by society; and as your paper has expressed a preference for literary and moral communications, I have chosen it as the best medium for exhibiting in strong colours to the public, a practice, which however common in Europe, has not yet, I hope, gained much countenance in America.

MALCOLM.

*Mr. Easy,*

The following letters are yours, to do with them what you please.

They have lain by me some time. In the early part of my life I happened to meet with some letters in the amatory style; and at a moment when my feelings in some degree harmonised with them, I wrote these effusions.—The public would not be gratified by knowing who the retired Constantius is.——

*My dearest Eliza,*

I have always been of opinion that in making choice of a partner for life, the greatest deliberation should be observed. We should neither be dazzled by the radiance of beauty, nor blinded by the glare of wit; but before our first impressions have cloathed the fond object in the attributes of perfection, we should coolly and dispassionately ask the question of ourselves, "Does she possess those essentials which are necessary to make me happy? will that ardent flame which I now feel, in the absence of those qualities which are fleeting, settle into even, respectful love? in fine, does she possess that good sense and good temper, and is there between us that conformity of disposition and unity of sentiment, which can alone insure connubial bliss, and smooth the asperities of life?" In this decision no sordid considerations, no traffic of vows, should mingle their influence; but it should be the reciprocation of love, the exchange of souls.—With these sentiments, which from long habit have become a second nature—I saw you—felt the strong influence of your charms—and after long deliberation and cloistered meditation, I am deeply affected with the belief, that sharing life with you will give it a relish, which wanting, I never shall taste—deign then, my dearest Eliza, to accept the *first offerings* of a heart devoted to you alone, on the most honourable and noble principles.

Flattery I detest—false professions are in the highest degree mean and abject—and I know you would be disgusted with the lover who by his self-abasement and servile supplications would disgrace you as a husband.—But if one feelingly conscious of your many virtues and attractions; who has often witnessed with delight your tender, amiable softness, rendered still more lovely by your grace and beauty—who has often admired your embellished understanding, and endearing benignity of disposition—and if one who has always endeavoured to regulate his conduct by the principles of strict honour and morality;—whose greatest happiness would be to make you happy—if such a one could interest your affections;—such I think you would ever find me, and may there be no countervailing objection to your most sincere lover!

This I hope,—that if ever you possibly could have put a construction on any part of my deportment, unfavourable to these my most sacred professions;—if ever you could suppose me inconstant from the little jealousies of love, which like the shade pursue the substance, prove its strength, and are the test of its purity—if ever you could have entertained the least suspicion of the ardor of my passion, because I never disclosed it in the artificial bombast, in the base coin of counterfeit passion—extravagant rapture.—If any act of my life could in your eyes so slander my heart, do but permit me to vindicate my passion, which has long been ardent and is immutable. And if, oh! if you doom me, which heaven avert! to despond; only tell me how I might have been happy, and though it be too late to hope for you by the strictest conformity to your will, I shall even in despair have some alleviation, from the proud reflection that I might *once* have atchieved my dearest Eliza.

Fearful forebodings and pressing anxieties, alternately check and urge me, when I would make a request which would form a new epoch in my life—

Do, quickly release my suspense, bid me be happy, or ——forgive me the pain of indicting my own sentence.

Your devoted lover, CONSTANTIUS.

If our female readers have no objection to the sentiments of love, when accompanied with reason and good sense; we will continue the letters of *Constantius.*

From Moir's discourses on some of the most striking circumstances in the present Phenomena of the world, we present our readers with the following interesting paragraphs; in which improper, or neglected education is assigned as one great cause of that immorality which prevails so greatly in the circles of modern society.—Published in London—1796.

Whence, (says this writer) all this fastidious shyness and delicacy in rearing youth, without leading them thro' all the graceful decencies of a manly and rational piety! Are you afraid of making them wise and good too soon, of announcing them too early as pledges to the world for the purity of their future conduct, of imprinting on their ductile minds at too tender an age the deepest sense of moral responsibility, and of eagerly embracing the first opportunity to insure their interest in the affection and good will of the wisest and best, and make them objects of respect and veneration to the worst?

Nothing can better direct you as guardians of the rising generation, and trustees for posterity in what you owe to your tender charge, than a frequent and accurate review of yourselves, the principles which regulate your temper, and the motives which form and govern your manners. You are individually and solemnly bound by every possible tie, to detatch and wean their rash and sanguine partialities, from pursuits which have degraded your faculties, from scenes which have prematurely anticipated your passions, from temptations which have subdued your integrity, from professions which have abused your credulity, from sentiments which have left you a prey to perfidy, from books, companions, spectacles, and all the pageantry of false pleasure which entangle, depress, and impair your rational and moral natures!

Do you feel every day and every hour the pernicious consequence of trifling with the quiet, the convenience, and the comfort of each other, with the peace of your own minds, with that harmony of concord which constitutes the supreme felicity of earth and heaven! And can you suffer those little ones, who are formed by what you are, and have no rule or directory but what they gather from your conduct and commands, to imbibe and cherish the seeds of a disposition thus desultory and turbulent!

Indeed all that is false, and base, and contemptible, in public and private, is the obvious and inevitable effect of this testy, unthinking, frivolous turn of mind. With whatever appendages of fortune, fashion, gaiety, youth, beauty, or wit, we may sometimes see it flashing, in circles of dissipation, scenes of gallantry, and places of promiscuous resort, festivity or intrigue; it is an infallible badge of insignificance, of folly, or of guilt. It wants the coolness of reflection, the generosity of sentiment, the reserve of decency, the attention of wisdom, and the nerve of virtue. It has neither vigour, sincerity, nor resolution. It conciliates one moment by kindness, and by unkindness kills another. Its transitions, like the variable temperature of our climate, are too sudden to be acceptable, and too much in extremes to be safe. Now it abounds in all that can melt and charm the affections; is tender, open, fond, accommodating; but soon chills to the heart by its distance, its closeness, its frigidity, or its aversion!

What can be expected from minds for ever in a flutter or a ferment, alternately victims of levity which admits of no check, and passions, which submit to no controul, but peevishness, apathy, inconstancy of affection, capricious preferences, and incorrigible hearts? And it is nonsense to look for the usual effects from a mechanism thus universally deranged. Can the scenes we habitually witness be other than deformed, while occupied by such actors? Is it any wonder to see men wicked and wretched, whose infancy is thus misled? Why in any degree surprized at social depravity, while we every where behold so little attention bestowed on the first indications of human intellect; or that life made up of such empty, undisciplined, unmanageable creatures, should be found a chaos of so much guilt and misery as it is.

*Mr. Easy,*

On Saturday last, an intimate female friend of mine came bouncing into the room where I was sitting, with a paper in her hand; "Maria," said she (laughing as she spoke) "have you read the Desultory sketches from the common-place book of an Old Batchelor, in this morning's COMPANION?" "No," replied I; she then, handing me the paper, and pointing out the place, waited patiently until I had read it—"Well," said she, "what do you think of the Batchelor's sketches? he tries to be mighty droll about matrimony; don't he?" "Yes," replied I, "and like many of his brother Batchelors, says a great deal about that which he knows nothing of, and tries to persuade the younger of his own sex, who may have an inclination for matrimony, that it is in general productive of broils, quarrels, and other mishaps."——

"I think," replied my friend, "I know who this old Batchelor is, and that he is neither more nor less than my papa's former friend *Zachary Handlecash*, who was once upon the point of marriage with Miss Priscilla Prudence; but, thinking too long about the matter, and making numerous calculations of the expence of house-keeping, &c.; Mr Worthy step'd in, and carried off the prize; he

pretended to be pleased with the match, and spoke of Mr. Worthy in the highest terms, but I have been credibly told, that he has never spoken to either of them since.—

His visits were very frequent at our house about this time, to consult papa about matrimony; and, as I was but small, I was suffered to stay in the room, and hear their conversation, the topic of which was always the same, for Mr. Zachary would talk of nothing else; and at length papa grew very tired, and sometimes would fall asleep in the midst of his harangue.——But, one evening in particular, I remember well, when he with a very serious face asked this question, "Do you think, Mr.—— that I could be happy with Miss Prudence, when married? The question roused papa out of a dose;—teized beyond bearing,—and looking him full in the face—he replied, "No, Sir, I do not think a person of your disposition could be happy even in heaven." Mr. Zachary looked blank for a few moments, rose in silence from his seat, took up his hat, and withdrew. After a few minutes my father exclaimed, "Heaven, I thank thee that thou hast not created in me the disposition of AN OLD BATCHELOR."——Since that time I believe he has given over the thoughts of marriage as being too expensive.——

Thus ended the conversation between me and my friend, which I have forwarded to you, to publish, if you think proper, for the amusement of the Batchelor.

Your's sincerely,

MARIA.

Nov. 30th. 1804.

*Mr. Easy,*

The perusal of Trifler's dream, as related in the Companion No. 2, brought to my recollection the sentiments of an instructive author, whose writings upon the subject of dreams imply that there are three kinds, viz. some proceeding from the business or pursuits a person is engaged in when awake, and others excited by a good or evil spirit acting upon the mind when asleep. From which of these sources the dream alluded to might arise, I certainly cannot determine, but have been induced to suppose the Trifler must have observed something similar to his dream acted in real life, or that he has from some cause or other been led to consider it as an evil happening to man, for him to get *married*—or that he has been accustomed to view the matrimonial state in some such unfavourable light; as it can hardly be supposed that his falling asleep under the disagreeable sensations occasioned by the unlucky skirmish he describes among the cats, could instigate him to dream "he was married," unless his mind had some how or other been predisposed thereto.—However that may be, my thoughts respecting the state of matrimony, I confess to be different; and whenever I indulge a waking reverie on that or any other subject, my imagination chuses to recreate in the more smooth and flowery paths of life. Whether owing to solacing myself in this way, or whether excited by the influence of some good genius propitious to my happiness, I cannot tell; but after relaxing the cares and business of the day in company with several young persons of both sexes, the female part of whom were peculiarly agreeable, I retired seasonably to rest, under the pleasing sensations occasioned by their amiableness; and Morpheus soon closing my eyes, the following dream was presented. Methought I beheld a venerable figure of a man advancing towards me, who on coming near, asked me if I wished to be married. I told him I had no objection, provided I could meet with some virtuous fair one, with whom our love toward each other could be mutual, adding some prudential preliminaries: with such a person, I said, I should be willing to enter into the marriage contract. He said, perhaps I looked for something more than mortal in a woman, some miracle of perfection, existing no where upon earth but in a Trifler's brain.—I told him it was not so, but if I might have my choice of those in whose company I had spent the preceding evening, (though attatched to neither of them by the passion of love) I thought it would meet my utmost wish upon the matrimonial score; he told me it was granted, I might proceed—I soon made up my mind, and made my choice; when after some previous ceremony, with mutual esteem and affection, we entered into the bands of matrimony. Being thus met and united together, I considered her as a *blessing from heaven*, and felt a stimulus to act worthy of such a favour; which consequently led me to a consistency of conduct I never had so fully experienced before; and against which I am induced to believe no reasonable or well disposed woman would ever persevere in opposing; though sometimes through frailty or cross occurrences which happen in life, a little chagrin might arise; yet prudence mixed with kindness on our part would soon disperse the cloud, and peace and harmony resume their sway. In fine, I found in my fair one, all I could expect or desire in a female friend and companion, we became daily more attatched to each other, and our cares no less than our own comfort served to cement the union; until becoming as it were one in mind, some even asserted we grew alike in person.

I remember also we had sons and daughters, but how many I do not now recollect; and they served greatly to

enhance our felicity. Those among them who resembled their mother I thought the most lovely; and I observed she sat great store by those that resembled me.—To enter into trifling particulars, and recount the many kind offices reciprocally bestowed, would require a diary instead of a communication of this kind. How her countenance brightenned when I returned from abroad; her interrogatories respecting my absence being those of kindness and affection, were in like manner answered. If I chose to regale with a segar, I was under no restriction—If we visited together, I was under no fear of being embarrassed or disconcerted by her conduct. If our friends visited us, her complacency delighted me.—The children being early taught submission, gave no disturbance to the company by their noise or refractory behaviour; their humour and pleasantry was often diverting.—

Thus were we journeying on through life, happy as consistent with the present state of being—when the watchman bawling louder than common, *Past two o'clock*, just under my window, I awoke; when lo! to my unspeakable regret, I found it was all *a dream*.

TOM THOUGHTFUL.

*Dear Mr. Easy,*

I never was better pleased with any of your observations than those in the last number, on card-playing. All my friends are quite delighted with your remarks on such a stupid practice. None but old mammas and grandmammas, and old aunts, and old maids, are fond of it; and if *they only* played all their lives at loo, it would be no matter; for they might as well do that as talk scandal, or scold us young girls: but the worst of it is, they get the young men among them, and keep them close to the table for hours together, while we sit moping in a corner, or walk from one part of the room to another by ourselves, without a beau to say smart things, or pay us a single compliment in a whole evening. There was my favourite swain no sooner appeared at Mrs. Shuffle's party the other night, than they laid hold on him, and would not let him move from his seat for five hours—poor fellow, how I did pity him—he lost all the time, and I don't wonder at it, for he kept looking at me instead of minding the game. Indeed I never heard of a young man winning any thing during a whole season; and if they don't say they lose, we can see it well enough—not that they mind it, but I think it too bad that they should lose their money and our society also; which I am sure they like much better. Well, thank heaven! the Assemblies are beginning, and we shall have some enjoyment once in a fortnight; but I should'nt wonder if loo was introduced there before the winter's over, for it seems to me they can't live one evening without it. We have no private dances, no entertainments of music or conversation; nothing but loo, loo, loo, night after night all the season. I suppose they mean that we shall follow their example when we grow old, for they don't show us any other way to pass our leisure hours, and they don't seem to think there is any other way to spend an evening. But I declare now, sincerely, I wish I may never be married if I ever play at loo, or meddle at all with cards as long as I live, that's what I won't. I wish there was not a card in the world, and that there never were any; none but a foolish old batchelor, or formal old maid could have invented such nonsensical amusement.

What I say to you, Mr. Easy, is the sentiment of us all, and if you can put an end to such tiresome insipid stuff, you shall be my Knight, and shall always be well spoken of by yours, BIDDY MIDGET.

P. S. Some of the old dutchesses are deucedly vext, and threaten to answer you, and cry down the *Companion*. But never mind what they say—we'll support you, and I'll warrant you we have more influence with your readers, especially the younger part of them, than they have—so you need not fear what they can do, while you have us on your side.

*FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.*

"If I am not ashamed of my soldiers," says old Jack Falstaff, describing his tatterdemallion troop, "I'm a sous'd gurnet." And, I believe, many a commander of a theatric troop may, with the greatest propriety, say the same; for the service is not only disgraced by young recruits, who never were sent to drill, but there are even veterans, who, having beat the march through many a tough campaign, deserve to be punished for neglect of duty.

There was a veteran in the Norwich company, a very eccentric character, who was a tolerable classical scholar. So proud was he of his literary attainments, that he embraced every opportunity of displaying his learning; but, to his shame, he never perfectly learnt any of his parts. He had formerly been a bombardier in the train of artillery, which caused him to adopt, on all occasions, when he was deficient in his character the phrase of "Blow me out of the world!"

As he was one evening walking in the part of the Earl of Richmond with all his train where he should have said—

"Thus far into the bowels of the land," &c.

But his words were—"Thus far into the bowels of the *earth*—I say I have got thus far into the bowels of the

earth—but—but—Blow me out of the world if I can get an inch further."

## ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

### LORD BARRIMORE.

The late Lord Barrimore, who had as many odd pranks as most men, was once riding through Abingdon, when seeing an old woman standing in the street, and looking at him with a face of enquiry, as if to know who he was, he determined to have a little talk with her, and thus opened his address. "I am told, Madam, that Mr. Esculapius, the apothecary of your town, is dead, and that Mr. Boreas has married the widow."—Lord, Sir, I never heard of the gentlefolk; there was an outlandish person that travelled this country some years agone, with some such cramp name as *Borus*, who I am told, is settled in the *North*."—"He did wisely, as he could not find any point in the compass so congenial to his purposes: suffer me to ask you, Madam, if you ever see any of his children in these parts, Master *Zephyrus*, or *Favonius*, or the little *Breezes?*"—"He never had but one son, Sir, and they say he lives in Lunnun, in Houndsditch."—"Houndsditch! that is as much as to say, Madam, that the young gentleman is gone to the dogs."—"*A nan, Sir*,"—"My dear lady, I did not mean that for *a nan*, but *a sally*."

### THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT.

At the sale of effects of a deceased clergyman in the west of England, his library was sold for three pounds, and the liquors in his cellar for 276l. The *letter* killeth, but the *spirit* giveth life.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John; who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my soul, I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

### A REPLY AND REJOINDER.

*A.* "Sir, I am heartily rejoiced to see you look so well." *B.* "Sir, you are a gentleman." *A.* "Sir, I wish I could say the same of you." *B.* "So you may, and *without telling a lie*, as I did, God forgive me for it."

An Irishman ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of those beautiful verses in this paper which came without a signature, and which we have distinguished by the letter B, is earnestly invited to continue his favours.

The productions of X. we shall always be happy to insert. He that can write so well upon *indifference*, will never be perused with indifference by any intelligent reader.

LEANDER's verses, which were promised in our last, are altered perfectly to our satisfaction. If the taste of our readers accords with our own, they will be highly gratified.

MISS FIDGET came rather late; but she shall always have as good a place in our paper as we can give her, when she chuses to write on the same subject.

ERRATUM.—*In our last number, 5th line from the bottom of the piece over the signature of Constantius, for* lost *read* tost.

## *ORIGINAL POETRY.*

### ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

Indifference! guardian of the breast,
Still will I court thy envied rest,
And transient joy resign;
My care-worn mind of sorrow ease,
Nor dread the scowling eye that sees
A vot'ry at thy shrine.

Wak'd by the infant beams of day,
Young Fancy shall no more display
Insidious to my view,
The bright eyed troop in Pleasure's maze,
Where soft'ning Beauty wooes the gaze
Of ev'ry eye that's new.

Thee, shall Imagination's throng
Ne'er charm to join the syren song,
Their airy hopes inspire;
The wild disturbers of the brain,
Can have no place among the train
That to thy shade retire.

Bound in the fetters thou shalt choose,
Each gay idea let me lose,
That wastes reflection's hour;
Pass thro' the world's tumultuous throng,
Unseen, unheeded move along,
And gain thy envied bow'r.

There teach me by thy magic spell,
Each agonising thought to quell,
And close my waking eyes;
But when I've learn'd to conquer care,
Oh! scatter too my joys in air,
And melt them with my sighs.

True happy state of real ease,
When naught can wound, when naught can please,
When passions cease their reign;
Bind round my heart thy closest ties,
It leaves the world, to thee it flies!
And ceases to complain.

X.

*On the death of a young Lady, distinguished for her benevolence and her charities.*

O weep ye poor, bewail your loss,
Alas! alas! ye weep in vain;
Long as life's stormy tempests toss
Your feeble barks on seas of pain.

O where is she, your guardian, friend,
The staff of age, the ease of care;
No more the dying couch she'll tend,
Nor kindly dry the widow's tear.

There runs the stream, there waves the wood,
By which at eve she oft was seen;
Now list'ning to the mountain flood,
Now tripping o'er the meadow green.

No more will she those pleasures share,
Which, but for her ye ne'er had known;
No more she'll lend the pitying ear,
And sigh for sorrows not her own,

Heav'n has in mercy ta'en the maid,
As morn's breath pure, as lily fair;
In the cold grave her form is laid,
To sleep in silence ever there. E.

## BALLAD.

Hark! the tempests, angry roar!
Sleep, affrighted flies from Nancy;
Some one taps her cottage door,
Pleasing thoughts rush on her fancy.

Now her heart is all alarms,
Quick she flies, her bosom beating;
While with eager out stretch'd arms,
Her lov'd Ben, she thinks she's meeting.

"To this longing heart once more,
Ah my love! and shall I hold thee?
Happy on thy native shore,
Shall these arms again enfold thee?"

Fancy, all her bosom warms—
Now she hears his tender greeting;
Now she opens wide her arms,
Fondly his lov'd name repeating.

"Come my love the wind blows cold,
Fast the rain falls, pouring on thee;
Let me thy dear form behold,
Haste, it is thy true love calls thee."

Mark the quick successive sighs,
Nancy's wretched bosom rending;
From the lovely mourners eyes,
See the tears of grief descending.

Trembling now with anxious fears,
Wild, she calls upon her lover;
Now his well known voice she hears,
On the breeze it seems to hover—

"Lovely Nancy grieve no more,
Still thy bosom's sad emotion;
Weeping cannot Ben restore,
He lies burried in the ocean!

Soon alas! thy joys are fled,
Soon thy promis'd bliss is over;
In his cold and wat'ry bed,
Wretched Nancy seek thy lover!"

Frantic to the beach she flew,
Wild and breathless with emotion;
Louder still the tempest grew;
Higher swell'd the waves of ocean.

Fiercer storms distract her mind,
Still she hears him in her fancy;
Whispering on the passing wind,
"Whither stays my lovely Nancy?"

Surges lash th' affrighted shore,
Nancy hears their loud commotion;
Then upon her Ben once more
Call'd and plung'd into the ocean. LEANDER.

## DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

'Tis not scenes of festive pleasure,
Splendid equipage and dress,
Hoarded heaps of glitt'ring treasure,
Can bestow true happiness.

No, the sweetest joy arises
From domestic dear delights;
Where the peace that virtue prizes,
With attractive pow'r unites.

Far from scenes of sad vexation,
Happy they who can remove,
To their tranquil habitation,
Blest with competence and love.

Where good nature ever smiling,
Kindles joy in ev'ry heart;
And affection, grief beguiling,
Sweetest pleasure can impart.

Piety the scene adorning,
With a lustre all divine,
Brings to view the glorious morning,
When their joys shall brighter shine.

Earth's delights at best are fleeting,
Ev'ry pleasure has its pain;
But when these are all retreating,
'Tis to bloom more fair again.

O how lovely is the dwelling,
Where such joys as these abound;
Each enjoyment sure foretelling,
All with glory shall be crown'd. B.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
*COLE & HEWES,*
192 MARKET-STREET, BACK OF BONSAL & NILES' BOOK-STORE.